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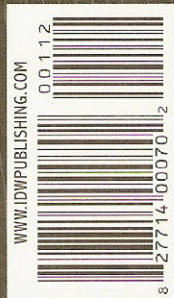


# DOCTOR • WHO™

## THE TIME MACHINE



**IDW**  
10<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY



RETAILER  
INCENTIVE COVER





POLICE CALL

# DOCTOR WHO

## THE TIME MACHINATION

ON THE RUN FROM THE TORCHWOOD INSTITUTE!

TONY LEE  
PAUL GRIST  
PHIL ELLIOTT

# IDW

10<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY

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# DOCTOR WHO

## THE TIME MACHINATION

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Art by » **Paul Grist**

Colors by » **Phil Elliott**

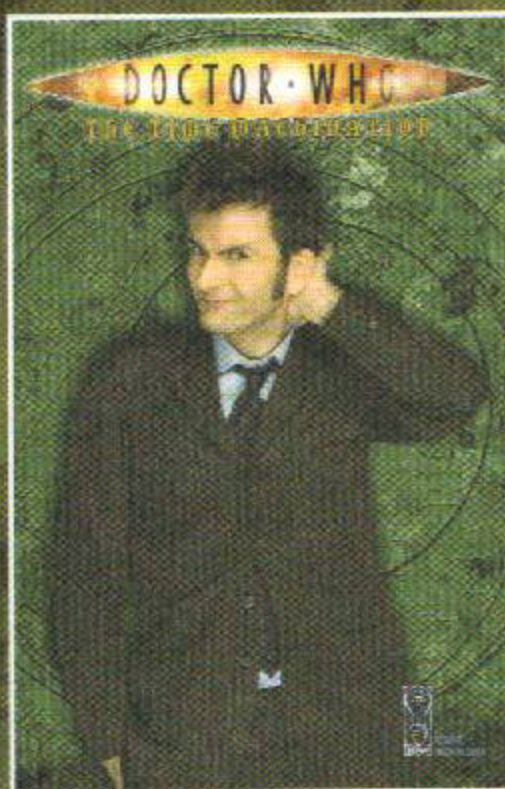
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LONDON, 1889.

REALLY, SMITH, YOU SHOULD SPEAK TO THIS MAN! HE'S TALKING ABOUT THINGS THAT I HAVE NO CLUE WHATSOEVER ABOUT!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE JUST AN ENGLISH TEACHER, WELLS.

IT'LL BE US SCIENTISTS THAT CHANGE THE WORLD—NOT YOU AND YOUR BOOKS!

YOU COULD BE RIGHT, THERE. ALTHOUGH THERE'S DEFINITELY A STORY TO BE TOLD HERE.

SO WHO IS THIS FELLOW YOU'RE TAKING ME TO MEET?

THE DOCTOR? HE'S A RUM FELLOW AND NO MISTAKE.

I MET HIM A FEW YEARS BACK WHILE ON HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND. HE—

—WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT HE SHOWED ME THINGS I THOUGHT NEVER POSSIBLE. PLACES I COULD NEVER BELIEVE.

OF COURSE, HE LOOKED DIFFERENT BACK THEN.

ANYWAY, HE TURNED UP OUT OF THE BLUE A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO, NEEDING MY HELP. BUT AS YOU SAID...

...YOU SCIENTISTS WILL UNDERSTAND THIS BETTER THAN I WOULD.

MY GOD...



"The *Time Traveller* (for so it will be convenient to speak of him) was expounding a *recondite matter* to us."

"His grey eyes shone and *twinkled*, and his usually pale face was *flushed* and animated..."

HERBERT  
GEORGE  
WELLS! JUST  
THE MAN I  
WANTED TO  
SEE!





DOCTOR,  
MAY I  
INTRODUCE  
MY GOOD FRIEND  
JONATHAN  
SMITH. HE'S A  
PHYSICIST OF  
RENOWN—

JUST  
WHAT I  
NEED!  
PLEASURE TO  
MEET YOU!

JOHN SMITH,  
EH? THAT'S  
A RATHER  
COMMON NAME!  
HIDING ANY  
SECRETS  
THERE?

I—  
THAT IS—  
WELL—

—I'M  
SORRY, WHAT  
EXACTLY IS  
GOING ON  
HERE?

DIDN'T  
HE TELL YOU?  
THAT'S HERBERT  
FOR YOU—ALWAYS  
WRITING THINGS,  
NEVER  
SPEAKING  
THEM.

CARDIFF?  
WHY NOT? IT'D  
ONLY TAKE A  
MATTER OF DAYS  
TO TRAVEL THERE  
AND BACK.

YEAH, BUT  
THERE'S TWO  
PROBLEMS WITH  
THAT. FIRSTLY, I  
NEED TO KEEP  
UNDERCOVER—AND I'D  
HAVE TO TAKE THE  
TARDIS WITH ME.  
NO PETROL CAN,  
YOU SEE.

SLITHEEN?  
TARDIS?

THE OLD  
THING'S RUN  
OUT OF JUICE AND  
I CAN'T REALLY  
JUST POP OFF DOWN  
TO CARDIFF NOW  
FOR A REFILL,  
CAN I?

AND  
SECONDLY, I  
HATE CARDIFF.  
FULL OF  
GHOSTS AND  
SLITHEEN.

TIME  
AND  
RELATIVE  
DIMENSION  
IN SPACE. I  
TRAVEL IN IT.  
AND I NEED A  
PHYSICIST TO  
HELP ME  
FIX IT.

OF COURSE, I  
SHALL HAVE TO  
CONTOVERT ONE OR  
TWO IDEAS THAT ARE  
ALMOST UNIVERSALLY  
ACCEPTED. THE  
GEOMETRY, FOR INSTANCE,  
THEY TAUGHT YOU AT  
SCHOOL IS FOUNDED ON A  
MISCONCEPTION.

DID YOU  
GET THAT  
DOWN? IT'S  
FROM YOUR  
BOOK.

YEAH, WELL,  
NOT YET,  
ANYWAY. ALWAYS  
GOOD TO WRITE  
NOTES DOWN,  
THOUGH!

ACTUALLY,  
I COULD MAKE  
A PETROL CAN OF  
SORTS—SOMETHING TO  
GATHER ENOUGH RIFT  
POWER TO JUMP-START  
THE TARDIS. IT'LL BE  
EASIER TO GET TO  
CARDIFF, TOO.

I TOLD  
YOU, DOCTOR,  
I'M NOT  
WRITING A  
BOOK!

THE  
PROBLEM IS  
ABOUT TEN  
YEARS BACK I  
MIGHT HAVE  
ANNOYED THE  
QUEEN A LITTLE.  
WELL, MAYBE A  
LOT, ACTUALLY.

BECAUSE OF  
THIS, SHE HAS  
PEOPLE OUT  
LOOKING FOR  
ME. THEY'RE  
CALLED THE  
"INSTITUTE"—





"—AND THEY  
REALLY HATE ME!"

IS IT  
HIM?

IS IT THE  
DOCTOR?

THE CHRONAL  
SIGNATURE IS  
SIMILAR TO THE  
ONE FOUND AT  
KRAKATOA IN  
1883...

...AND ALMOST  
IDENTICAL  
TO THE ONE IN  
PERIVALE—THE  
GABRIEL CHASE  
AFFAIR.

IT'S HIM.  
FINALLY.



BUT  
WHERE IS  
HE? WHERE IS  
THAT BLUE  
BOX HE  
TRAVELS IN?

AND  
WHY IS HE  
HERE?

IN THE  
PAST THERE  
HAVE USUALLY  
BEEN TWO  
DISTINCT ENERGY  
SIGNATURES—HIS  
ARRIVAL AND  
DEPARTURE.

THIS  
SHOWS  
ONLY ONE...  
HE'S STILL  
HERE.



SEE HERE?  
THE BLUE BOX  
WAS DRAGGED  
ONTO SOMETHING.  
PROBABLY A  
HORSE  
AND CART.

YOU KNOW,  
I DON'T  
THINK IT'S  
WORKING  
ANYMORE.



HE'S  
TRAPPED  
HERE.

THEN  
LET'S GO  
HUNTING.

FOR THE  
GLORY OF  
THE  
EMPIRE.



POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

THE RIFT IS LIKE AN ALL YOU CAN EAT BUFFET FOR MACHINES LIKE THE TARDIS. AND IF I CAN GET IT THERE, I'LL BE ABLE TO FILL UP AND LEAVE.

SO WE'LL JUST PUT THE THING BACK ON THE CART AND TAKE IT THERE!

YEAH, THE PROBLEM IS THAT THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR ME, AND BY DEFAULT THE TARDIS. AND IT DOES WELL, STAND OUT A LITTLE.

NO, THE PETROL CAN IDEA COULD WORK, I HAVE MOST OF THE PARTS I NEED TO CREATE ONE. IT WON'T HOLD THAT MUCH POWER—

—DON'T TOUCH THAT.

I'M SORRY?

THE CALIBRATOR IN YOUR HAND. IT'S DRENCHED IN CHRONAL ENERGY, YOU SEE.

IT'LL SEND THEIR DETECTORS DOO-LALLY. AND IF YOU'RE COVERED IN IT, IT'LL AIM THEM AT YOU.

I'LL NEED SOME COPPER TUBING, SOME STEEL WIRE, AND A PARAFFIN LAMP.

EVERYTHING ELSE I CAN COBBLE TOGETHER FROM THE CONSOLE. WHO WANTS TO GO JUNKYARD HUNTING?

I KNOW JUST THE THING TO WEAR. WAIT HERE.

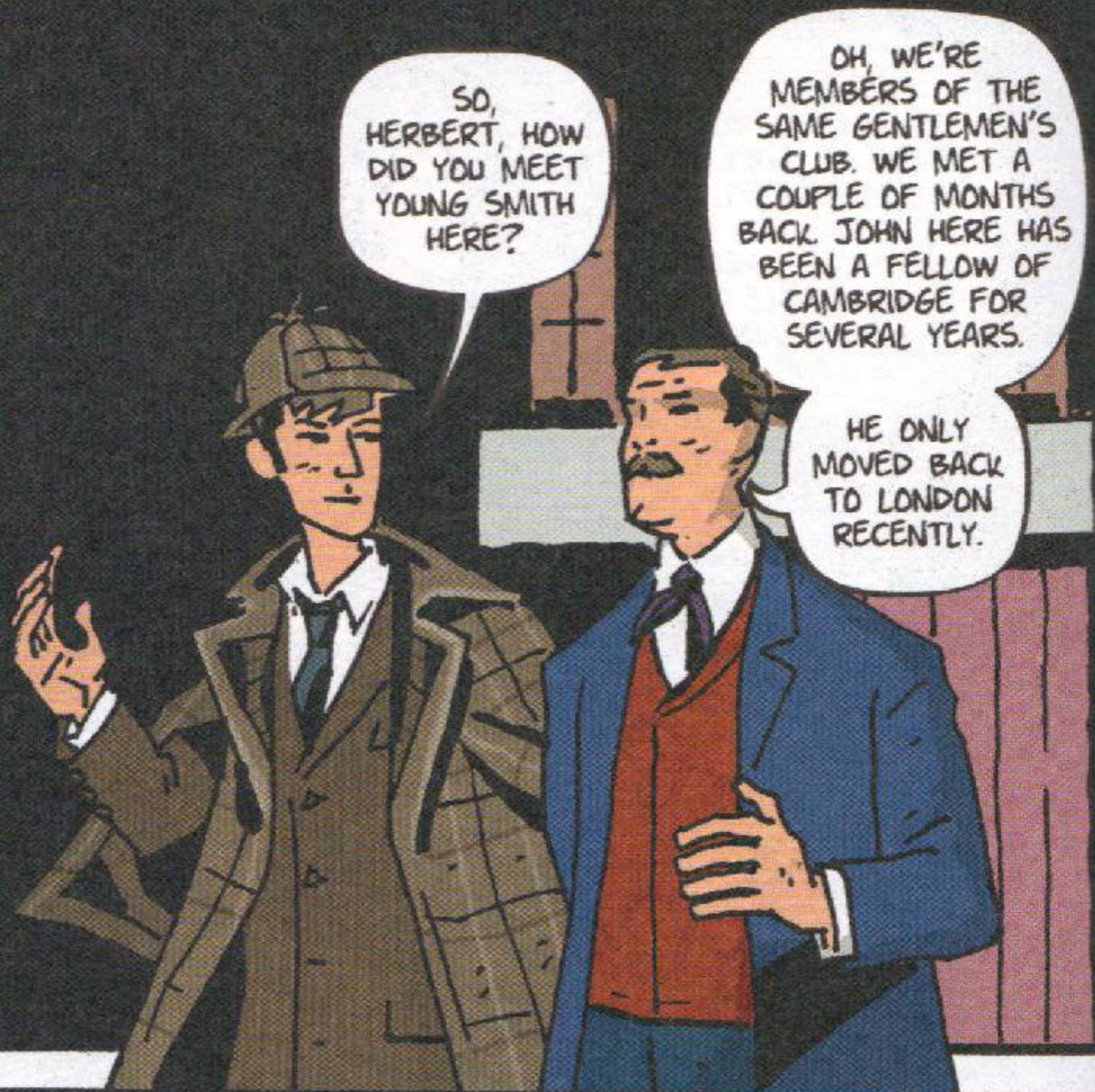
BUT YOU CAN'T GO OUT INTO LONDON LIKE THAT! YOU'LL STAND OUT MORE THAN YOUR TARDIS!





IT'S BELIEVED THAT THE GELTH CREATED THE RIFT, YOU SEE. BUT WHY THEY PICKED CARDIFF...

...I SUPPOSE IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE. THEY COULD HAVE PICKED BLACKPOOL HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO BLACKPOOL?



SO, HERBERT, HOW DID YOU MEET YOUNG SMITH HERE?

OH, WE'RE MEMBERS OF THE SAME GENTLEMEN'S CLUB. WE MET A COUPLE OF MONTHS BACK. JOHN HERE HAS BEEN A FELLOW OF CAMBRIDGE FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

HE ONLY MOVED BACK TO LONDON RECENTLY.



CAMBRIDGE! AS A SCIENTIST YOU MUST KNOW PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS, THEN? OLD BLOKE, BIT OF A GAMMY LEG, SMELLS OF GARLIC?

NO, I DON'T THINK I'VE HAD THE PLEASURE OF—

DOCTOR! WAIT!

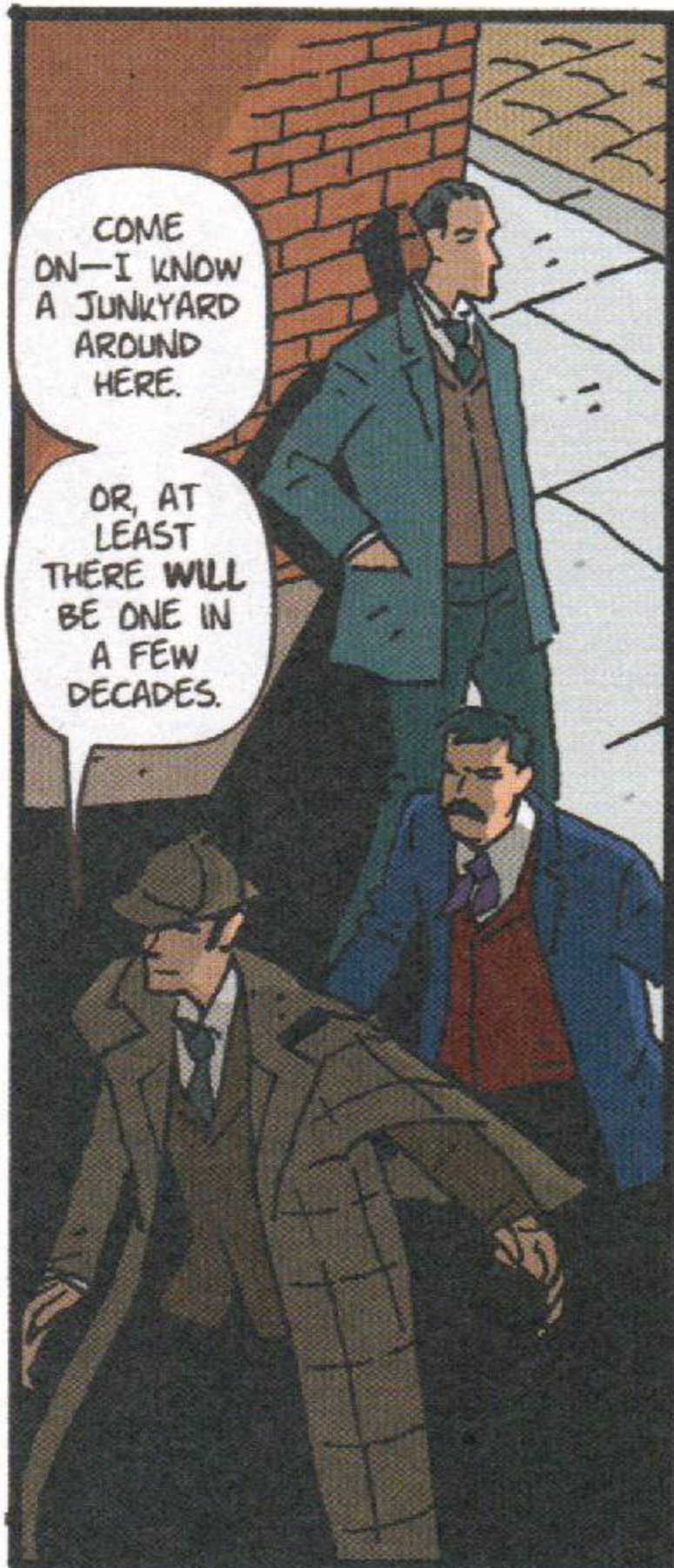
THERE'S SOMEONE THERE!



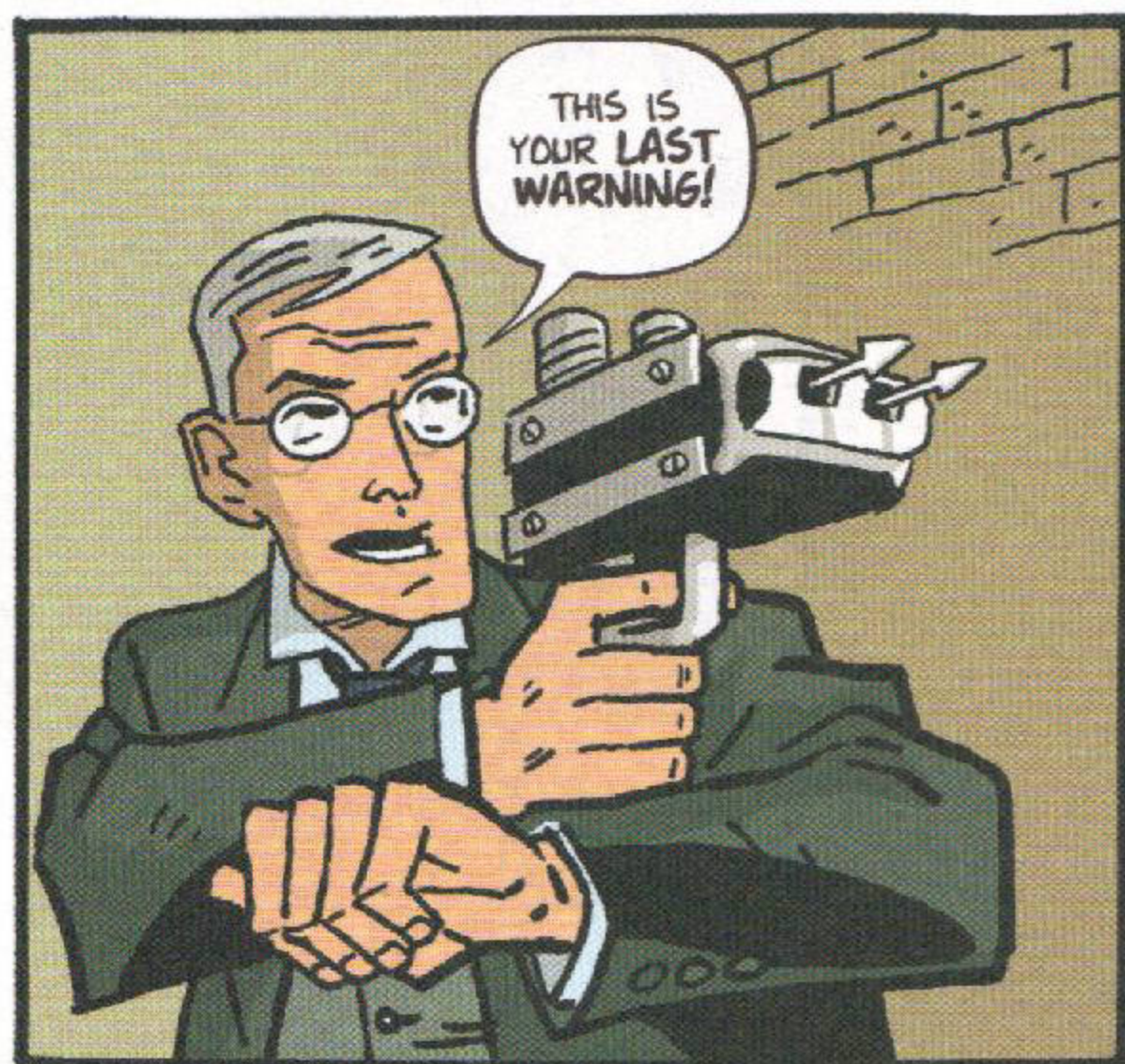
THAT'S THEM ALL RIGHT. THE INSTITUTE.

LET'S GO THE OTHER WAY—SEE IF WE CAN'T FIND A BETTER ROUTE AROUND THIS BUILDING.

















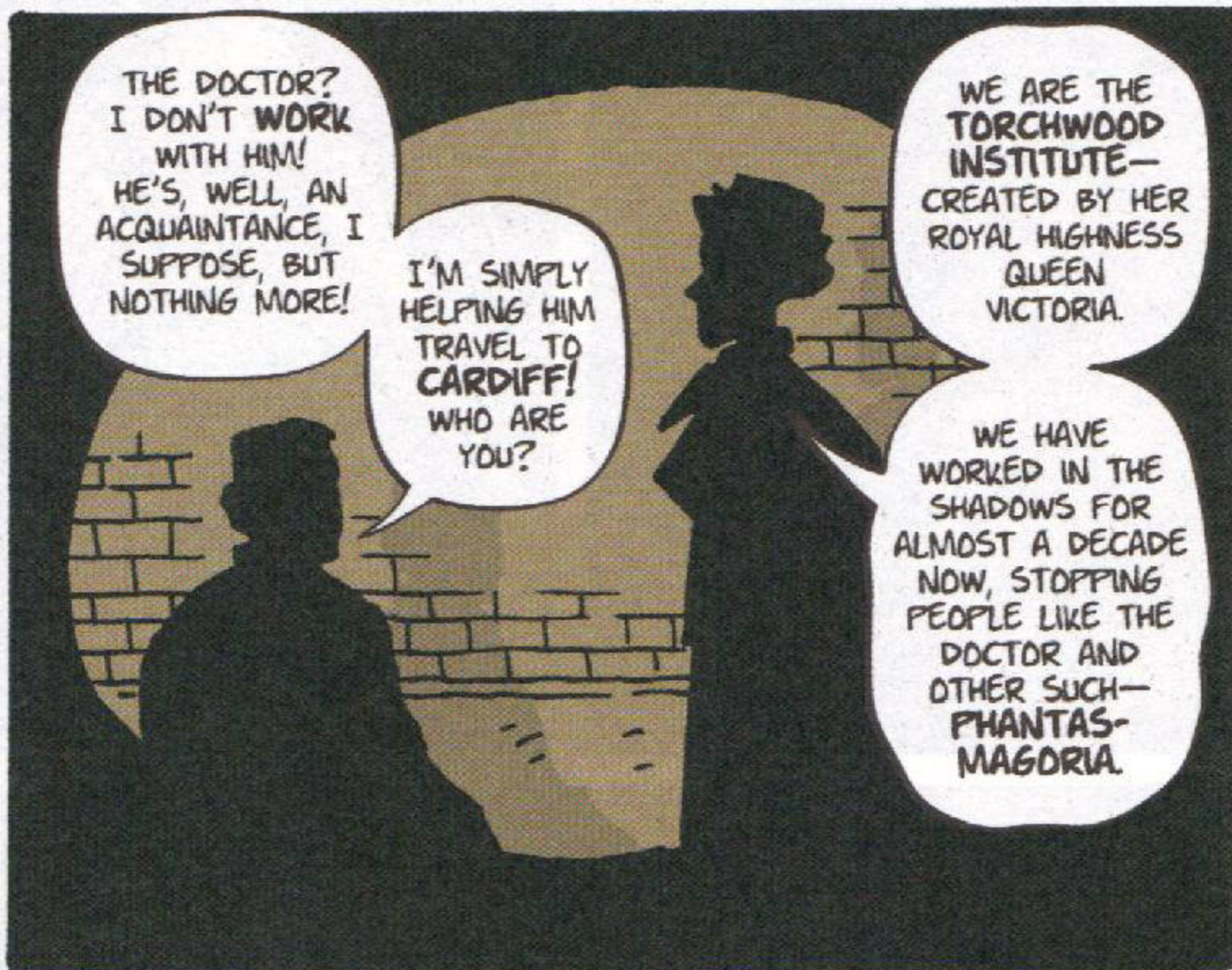
WH-WHERE  
AM I?

HELLO?  
WHO'S  
THERE?

HERBERT  
GEORGE  
WELLS.  
TEACHER  
AMATEUR  
NOVELIST.

WE'D LIKE  
TO TALK TO  
YOU ABOUT  
THE MAN YOU  
WORK WITH.

WE'D LIKE  
TO TALK  
ABOUT THE  
DOCTOR



THE DOCTOR?  
I DON'T WORK  
WITH HIM!  
HE'S, WELL, AN  
ACQUAINTANCE, I  
SUPPOSE, BUT  
NOTHING MORE!

I'M SIMPLY  
HELPING HIM  
TRAVEL TO  
**CARDIFF!**  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

WE ARE THE  
**TORCHWOOD  
INSTITUTE**—  
CREATED BY HER  
ROYAL HIGHNESS  
QUEEN  
VICTORIA.

WE HAVE  
WORKED IN THE  
SHADOWS FOR  
ALMOST A DECADE  
NOW, STOPPING  
PEOPLE LIKE THE  
DOCTOR AND  
OTHER SUCH—  
**PHANTAS-  
MAGORIA.**



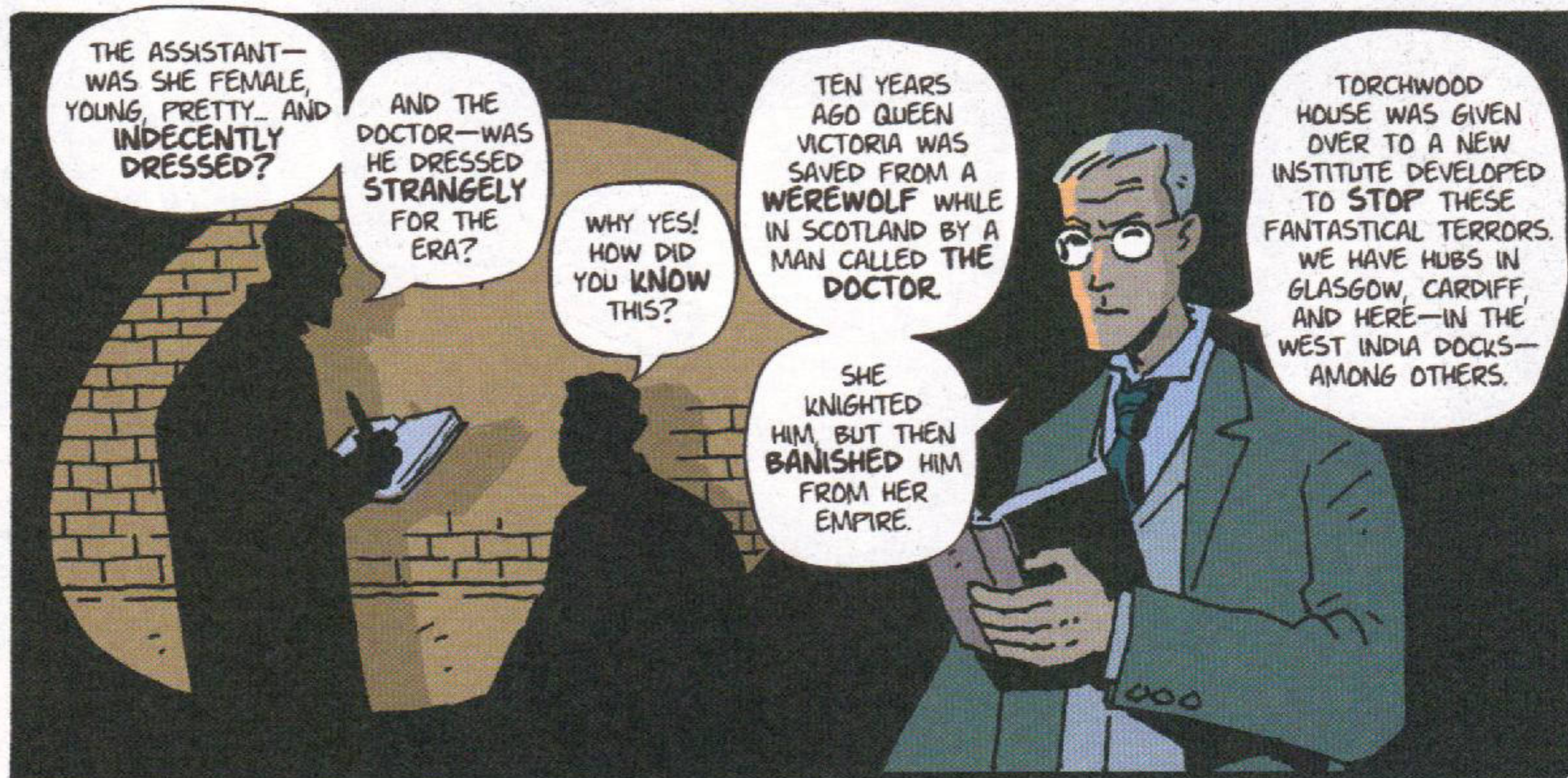
HOW DO  
YOU KNOW  
THE  
DOCTOR?

IT-IT WAS  
ABOUT FOUR,  
FIVE YEARS AGO.  
I WAS ON  
HOLIDAY IN  
SCOTLAND.

"THE DOCTOR AND A  
YOUNG ASSISTANT  
APPEARED OUT OF  
NOWHERE. AND THE  
NEXT THING I KNEW,  
I WAS ON A PLANET  
CALLED **KARFEL**.

"WE FOUGHT **MORLOX**  
AND THE **BORAD**. AND  
WHEN WE WON, I WAS  
BROUGHT HOME. I  
DIDN'T SEE HIM AGAIN  
UNTIL RECENTLY."





THE ASSISTANT—  
WAS SHE FEMALE,  
YOUNG, PRETTY... AND  
INDECENTLY  
DRESSED?

AND THE  
DOCTOR—WAS  
HE DRESSED  
STRANGELY  
FOR THE  
ERA?

WHY YES!  
HOW DID  
YOU KNOW  
THIS?

TEN YEARS  
AGO QUEEN  
VICTORIA WAS  
SAVED FROM A  
WEREWOLF WHILE  
IN SCOTLAND BY A  
MAN CALLED THE  
DOCTOR.

SHE  
KNIGHTED  
HIM, BUT THEN  
BANISHED HIM  
FROM HER  
EMPIRE.

TORCHWOOD  
HOUSE WAS GIVEN  
OVER TO A NEW  
INSTITUTE DEVELOPED  
TO STOP THESE  
FANTASTICAL TERRORS.  
WE HAVE HUBS IN  
GLASGOW, CARDIFF,  
AND HERE—IN THE  
WEST INDIA DOCKS—  
AMONG OTHERS.



WE HAVE  
HUNTED THIS  
DOCTOR AROUND  
THE WORLD.  
FROM PLACES LIKE  
AMERICA AND  
KRAKATOA, TO  
PERIVALE IN  
ENGLAND.

AND EVERY  
TIME WE  
MISS HIM HIS  
DESCRIPTION IS  
EVERYWHERE, AND  
YET HE SLIPS  
THROUGH OUR  
FINGERS LIKE  
QUICKSILVER.

WELL, THAT'S  
PROBABLY  
BECAUSE HIS  
APPEARANCE HAS  
CHANGED! HE  
DOESN'T LOOK  
LIKE HE DID  
WHEN I FIRST  
MET HIM!

WHAT?  
TRANSMOG-  
RIFICATION?  
WE NEVER  
CONSIDERED  
THAT.

WHO KNOWS  
WHAT THIS  
ALIEN CAN DO  
IF HE'S A  
SHAPE-  
CHANGER...



WE  
NEED MORE  
RESOURCES!  
HE COULD  
BE ANYONE,  
ANYWHERE! THE  
EMPIRE IS IN  
TERRIBLE  
PERIL!

PEOPLE,  
PLEASE, CAN  
I INTERRUPT  
FOR A  
MOMENT?

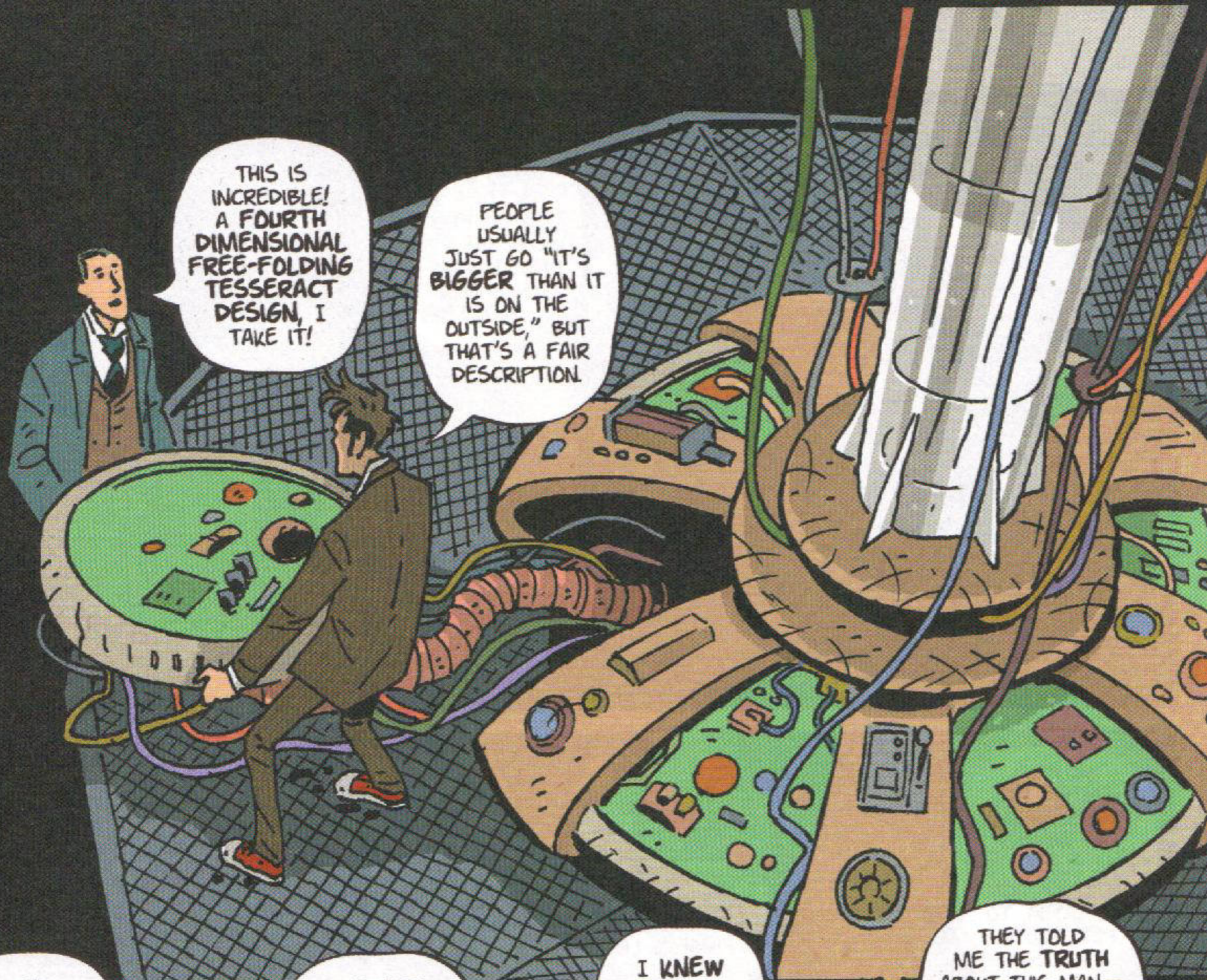
I KNEW HE  
WAS A TIME  
TRAVELLER,  
PERHAPS AN  
ALIEN, BUT A  
THREAT TO THE  
EMPIRE?

SET ME  
FREE AND  
PROVIDE ME  
WITH THE  
MANPOWER...

...AND  
I WILL  
DELIVER  
YOU THE  
DOCTOR.

RIGHT  
NOW.





THIS IS INCREDIBLE! A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL FREE-FOLDING TESSERACT DESIGN, I TAKE IT!

PEOPLE USUALLY JUST GO "IT'S BIGGER THAN IT IS ON THE OUTSIDE," BUT THAT'S A FAIR DESCRIPTION.

HE'S BEEN HOURS. PERHAPS WE WERE WRONG AFTER ALL TO LEAVE WELLS WITH THOSE PEOPLE.

WHAT, TORCHWOOD? NO, YOU WERE RIGHT—THEY'LL LET HIM GO. WHETHER HE BELIEVES THEM IS A DIFFERENT MATTER.

BELIEVES WHAT? THE FANTASTICAL DOCTRINE OF FASCISTS? OR THE TECHNOLOGICAL WONDERS OF THIS?

I THINK I PREFERRED THE AUSTERE WHITE, BY THE WAY.

I KNEW YOU'D PULL THROUGH! ALL FODDER FOR THE STORIES, EH?

HERE, HOLD THIS FOR A MOMENT, WILL YOU?

THEY TOLD ME THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS MAN—HE'S DANGEROUS, UNSTABLE. WE CAN'T LET HIM COMPLETE HIS MISSION, WHATEVER IT IS.

HERE, TAKE THIS. IT'S SOME KIND OF SONIC WEAPON, I'VE SEEN HIM USE IT. IF HE TRIES TO ESCAPE, FIRE IT AT HIM.

ABSOLUTELY, DOCTOR. THEY REALLY DON'T LIKE YOU, BY THE WAY. AND I'M A LITTLE WORRIED THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE FOLLOWED ME HERE.

JOHN, CAN YOU COME WITH ME TO CHECK THE PERIMETER?

THEY'RE WAITING OUTSIDE FOR MY SIGNAL.

WHEN THEY CAPTURE HIM, WE'LL BE HEROES OF THE EMPIRE.





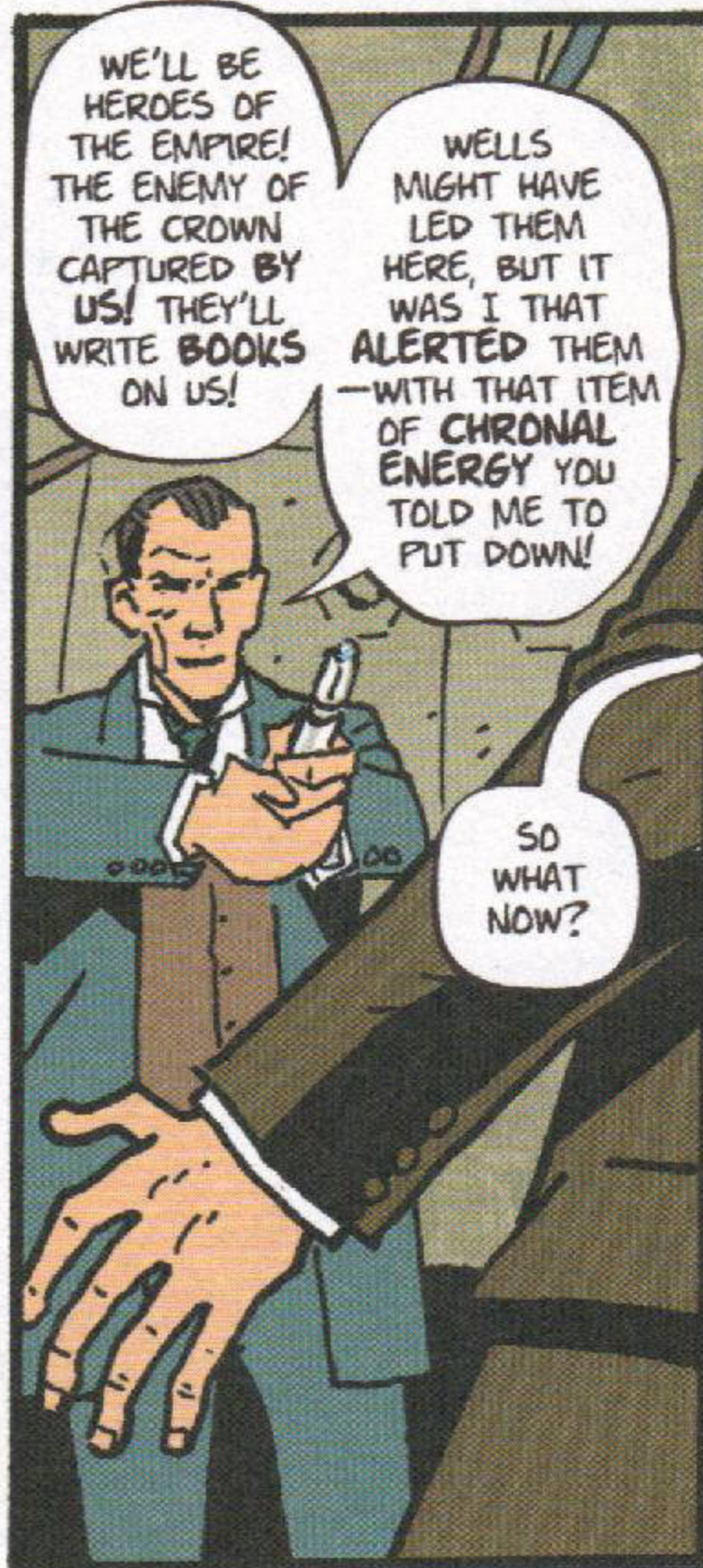
WELLS,  
BE A GOOD  
CHAP AND  
PASS ME  
BACK THE—

—OH.



WE  
KNOW YOUR  
**PLANS**,  
DOCTOR WELLS  
HAS GONE TO  
CALL THE  
INSTITUTE.

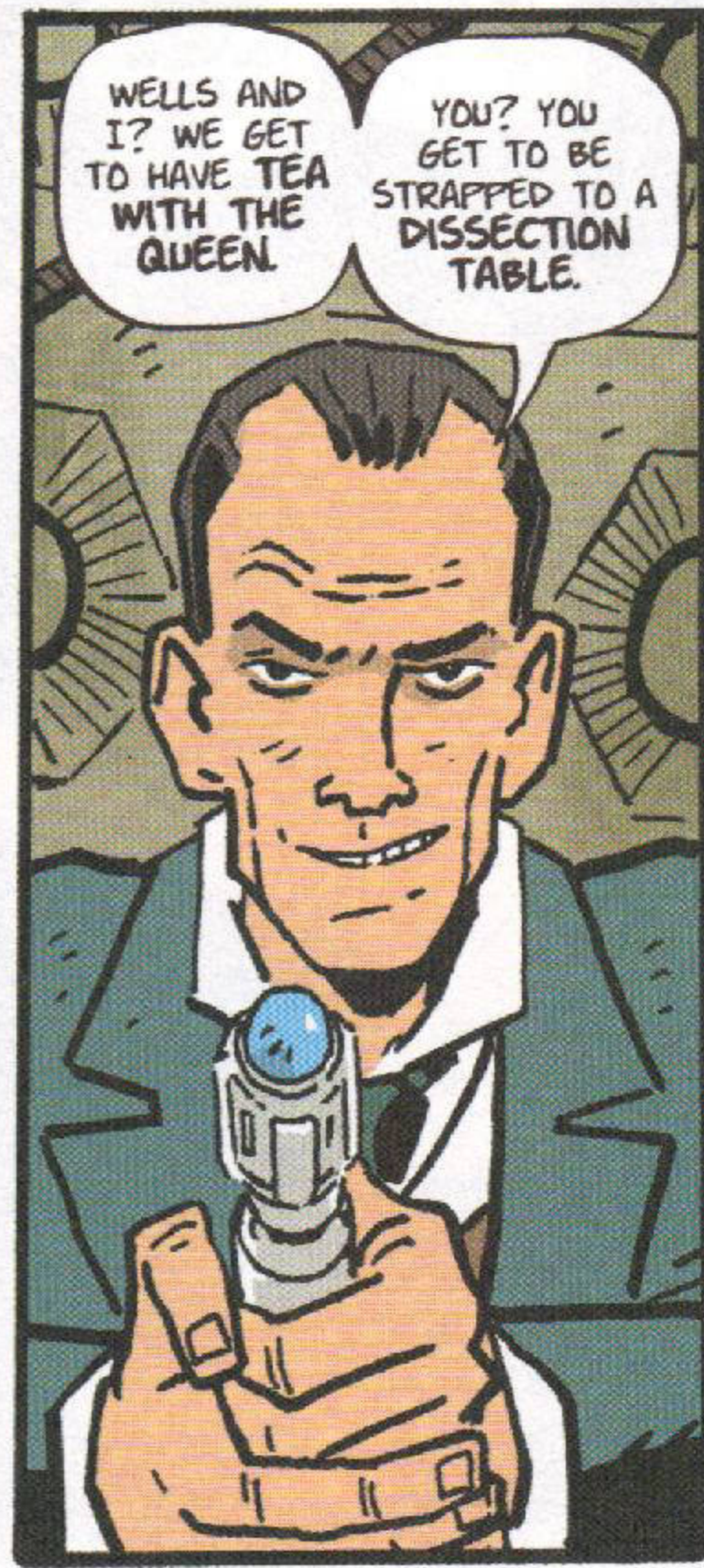
IN A  
MATTER OF  
MOMENTS,  
THEY'LL BE  
SWARMING THE  
TARDIS, AND YOU  
WON'T BE ABLE  
TO **STOP**  
THEM.



WE'LL BE  
HEROES OF  
THE EMPIRE!  
THE ENEMY OF  
THE CROWN  
CAPTURED BY  
US! THEY'LL  
WRITE **BOOKS**  
ON US!

WELLS  
MIGHT HAVE  
LED THEM  
HERE, BUT IT  
WAS I THAT  
ALERTED THEM  
—WITH THAT ITEM  
OF **CHRONAL**  
ENERGY YOU  
TOLD ME TO  
PUT DOWN!

SO  
WHAT  
NOW?



WELLS AND  
I? WE GET  
TO HAVE **TEA**  
WITH THE  
QUEEN.

YOU? YOU  
GET TO BE  
STRAPPED TO A  
**DISSECTION**  
TABLE.







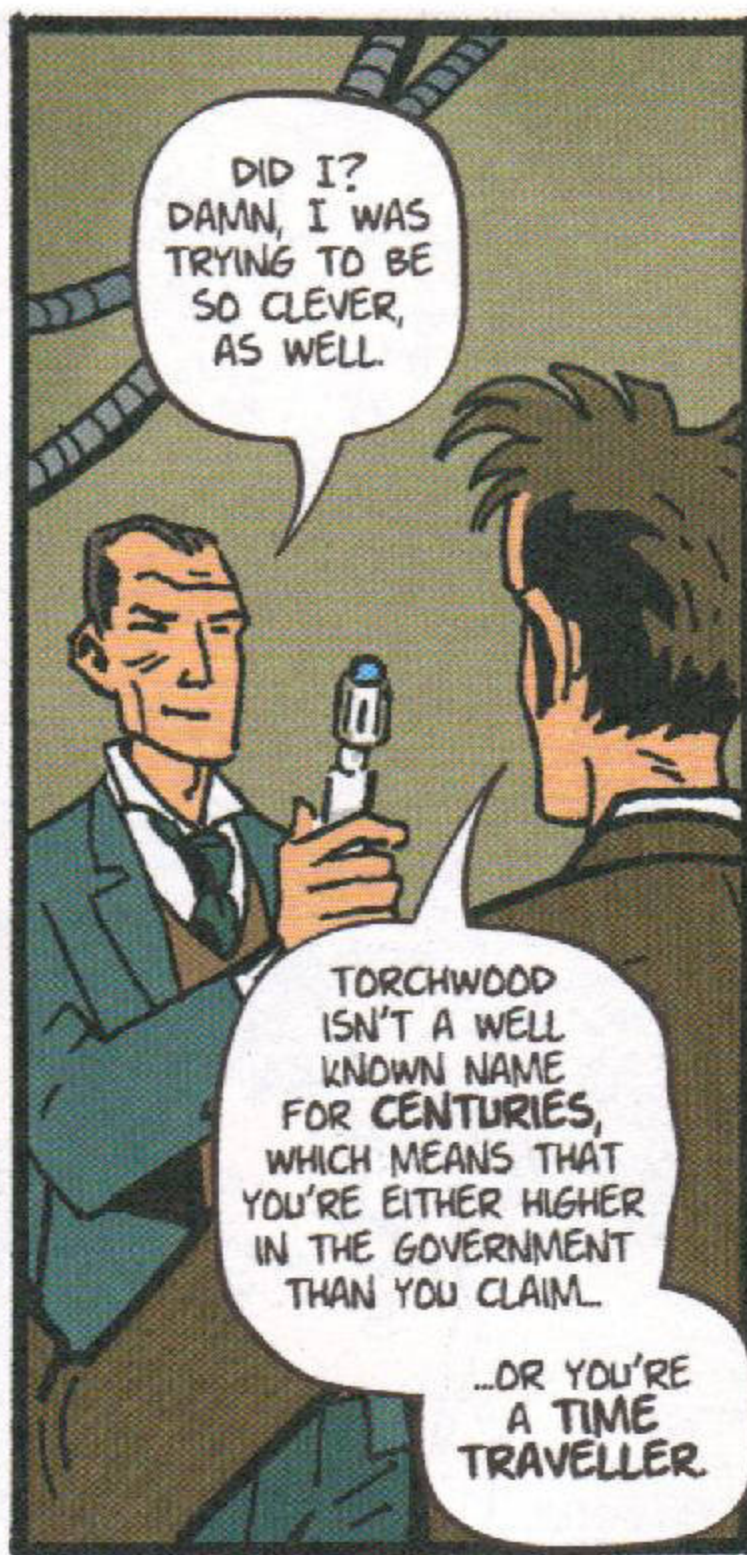


LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE INSISTENT.

SHALL WE GO? YOU DON'T WANT TO KEEP TORCHWOOD WAITING.

IT WAS TORCHWOOD THAT GAVE YOU AWAY, YOU KNOW.

I ONLY EVER CALLED THEM THE INSTITUTE. YET YOU KNEW THEIR REAL NAME IN THE ALLEY.



DID I? DAMN, I WAS TRYING TO BE SO CLEVER, AS WELL.

TORCHWOOD ISN'T A WELL KNOWN NAME FOR CENTURIES, WHICH MEANS THAT YOU'RE EITHER HIGHER IN THE GOVERNMENT THAN YOU CLAIM...

...OR YOU'RE A TIME TRAVELLER.



JUDGING FROM TODAY'S DATE AND YOUR LOCATION? I'D SAY YOU'RE FROM THE MID-51ST CENTURY.

PERHAPS A MEMBER OF THE DEPOSED SUPREME ALLIANCE?

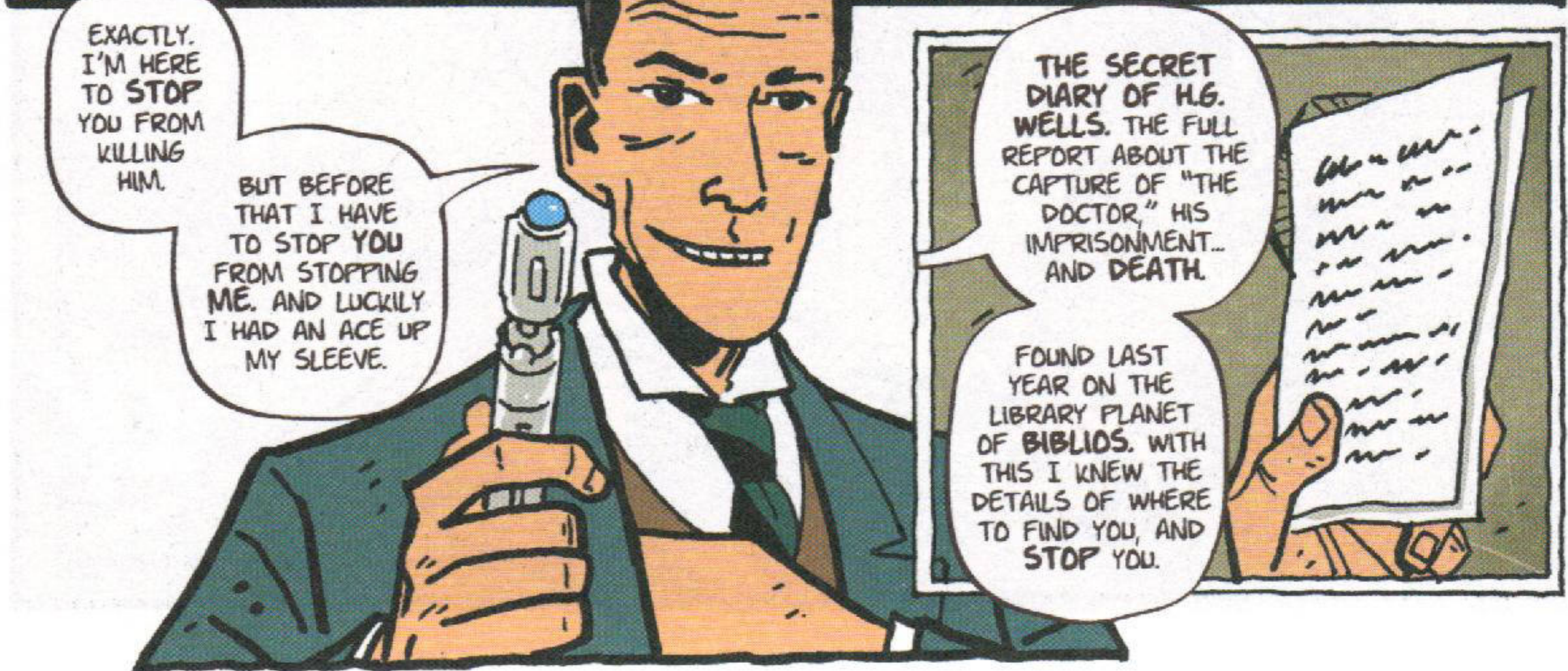


I SHOULD KILL YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TO THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE! IT TOOK ME YEARS TO PERFECT THE ZYGMA BEAM TECHNOLOGY TO REPAIR MAGNUS GREEL...

...ONLY TO FIND THAT YOU KILLED HIM, DOCTOR!

WELL, I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT CELLULAR DEGENERATION KILLED MAGNUS GREEL...

...AND TECHNICALLY THAT HASN'T HAPPENED YET.



EXACTLY. I'M HERE TO STOP YOU FROM KILLING HIM.

BUT BEFORE THAT I HAVE TO STOP YOU FROM STOPPING ME. AND LUCKILY I HAD AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE.

THE SECRET DIARY OF H.G. WELLS. THE FULL REPORT ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF "THE DOCTOR," HIS IMPRISONMENT... AND DEATH.

FOUND LAST YEAR ON THE LIBRARY PLANET OF BIBLIOS. WITH THIS I KNEW THE DETAILS OF WHERE TO FIND YOU, AND STOP YOU.





SO YOU MADE FRIENDS WITH HERBERT JUST SO THAT YOU COULD BE HERE TODAY?

MORE THAN THAT! BY SAVING GREEK, I CAN CURE HIM OF THE ZYGMA RADIATION! WE CAN RETURN TO OUR TIME!

I WONDER—WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHEN I KILL YOUR PREVIOUS SELF, DOCTOR?

WE CAN RETURN AND DEFEAT THE FILIPINO ARMY! THE BUTCHER OF BRISBANE CAN RULE AGAIN!

AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME! IT'S WRITTEN HERE IN WELLS'S NOTES! THEY WERE KEPT IN TOP-SECRET STORAGE FOR CENTURIES!



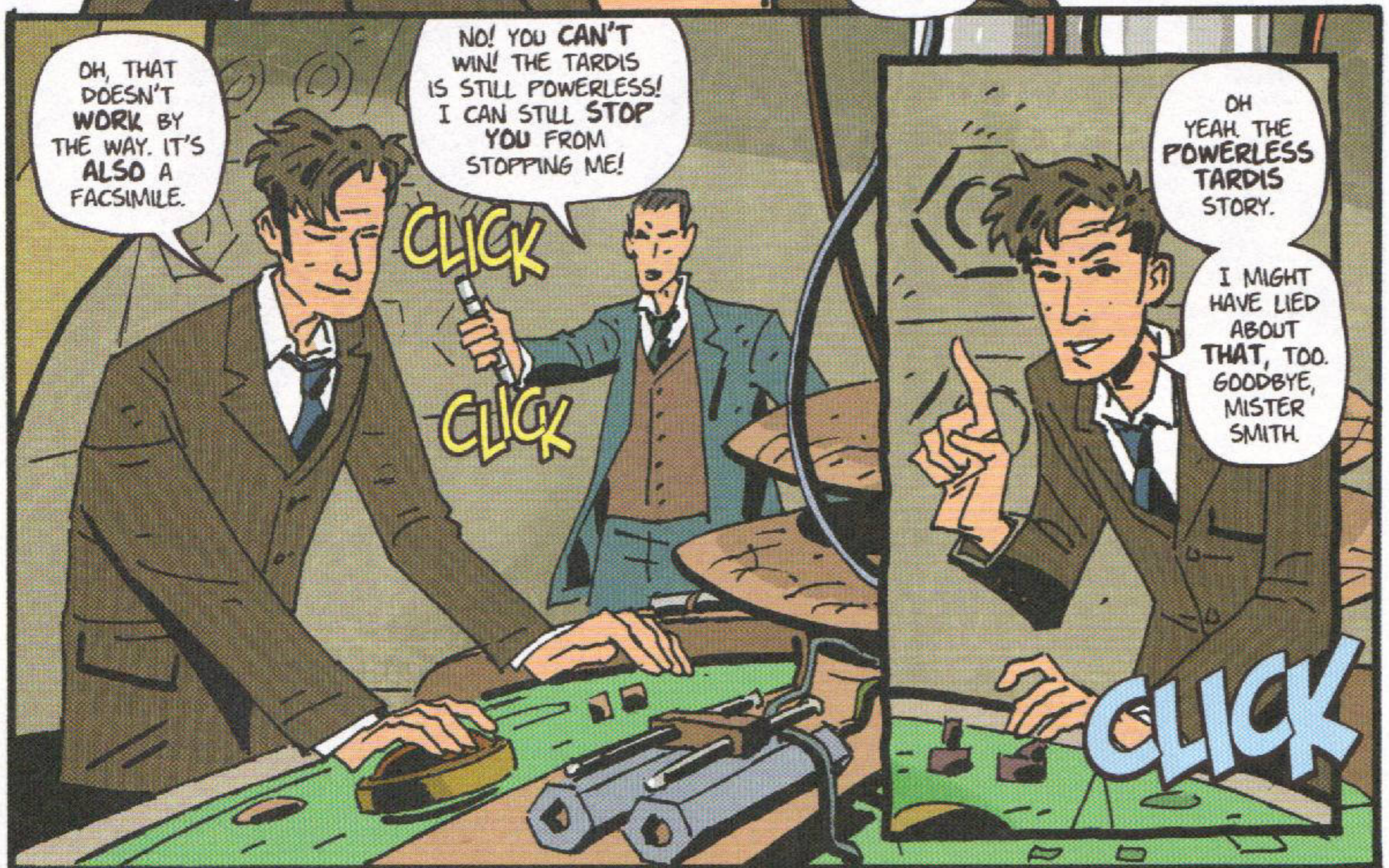
YEAH, YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING THAT YOU READ, YOU KNOW.

I VISITED THE LIBRARY AT BIBLIOS RECENTLY, TOO. AND I SAW WELLS'S NOTES WHEN I WAS THERE. THAT'S ONLY A FACSIMILE IN YOUR HAND...

...THIS IS THE REAL ONE. WRITTEN EARLIER TODAY BY WELLS.

I DICTATED IT, THOUGH. AND I'LL BE PASSING IT TO A TORCHWOOD EMPLOYEE IN A CENTURY OR SO WHO'LL MAKE SURE IT GETS TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

YOUR HANDS.



OH, THAT DOESN'T WORK BY THE WAY. IT'S ALSO A FACSIMILE.

NO! YOU CAN'T WIN! THE TARDIS IS STILL POWERLESS! I CAN STILL STOP YOU FROM STOPPING ME!

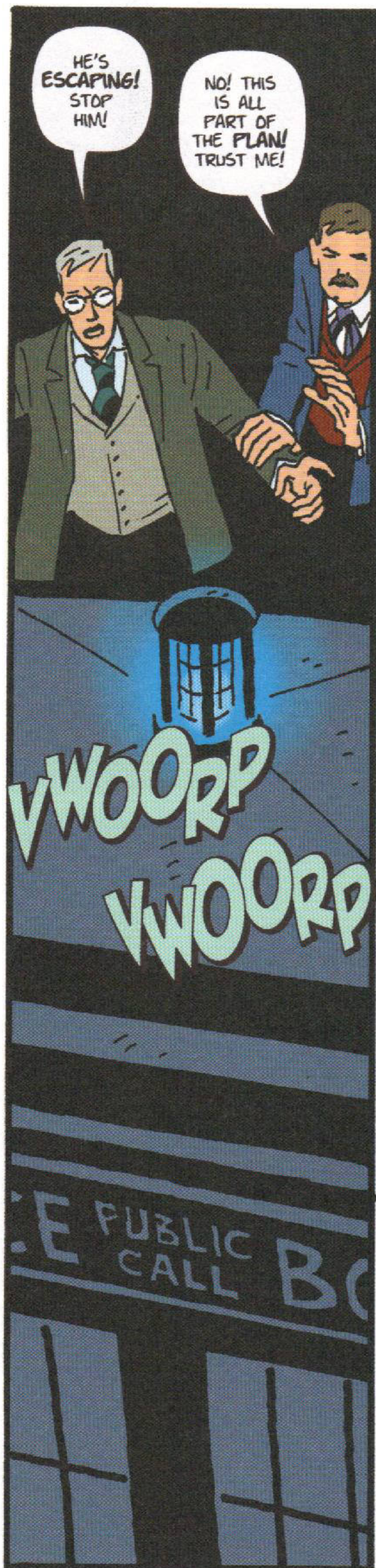
CLICK  
CLICK

OH YEAH. THE POWERLESS TARDIS STORY.

I MIGHT HAVE LIED ABOUT THAT, TOO. GOODBYE, MISTER SMITH.

CLICK

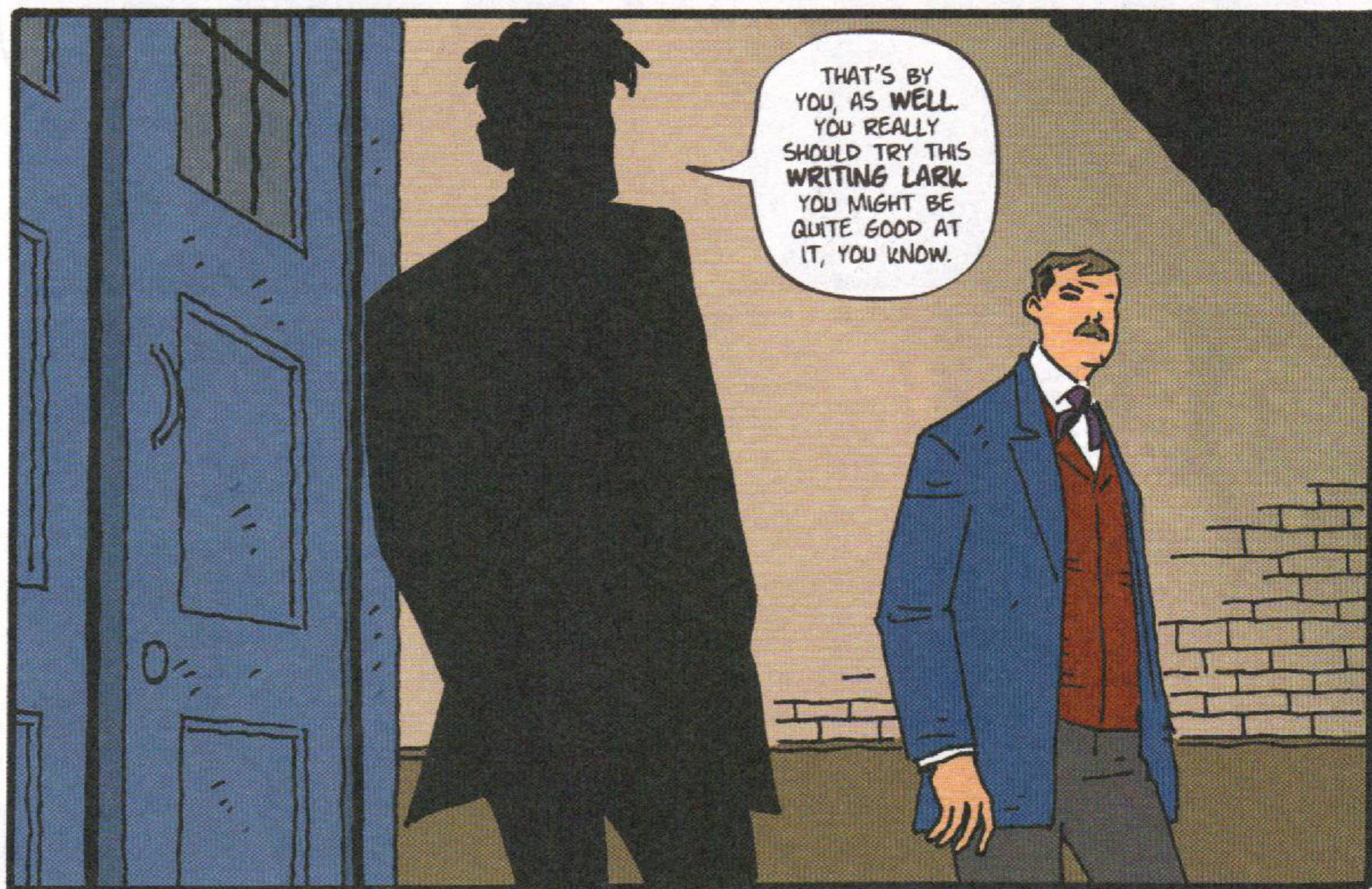
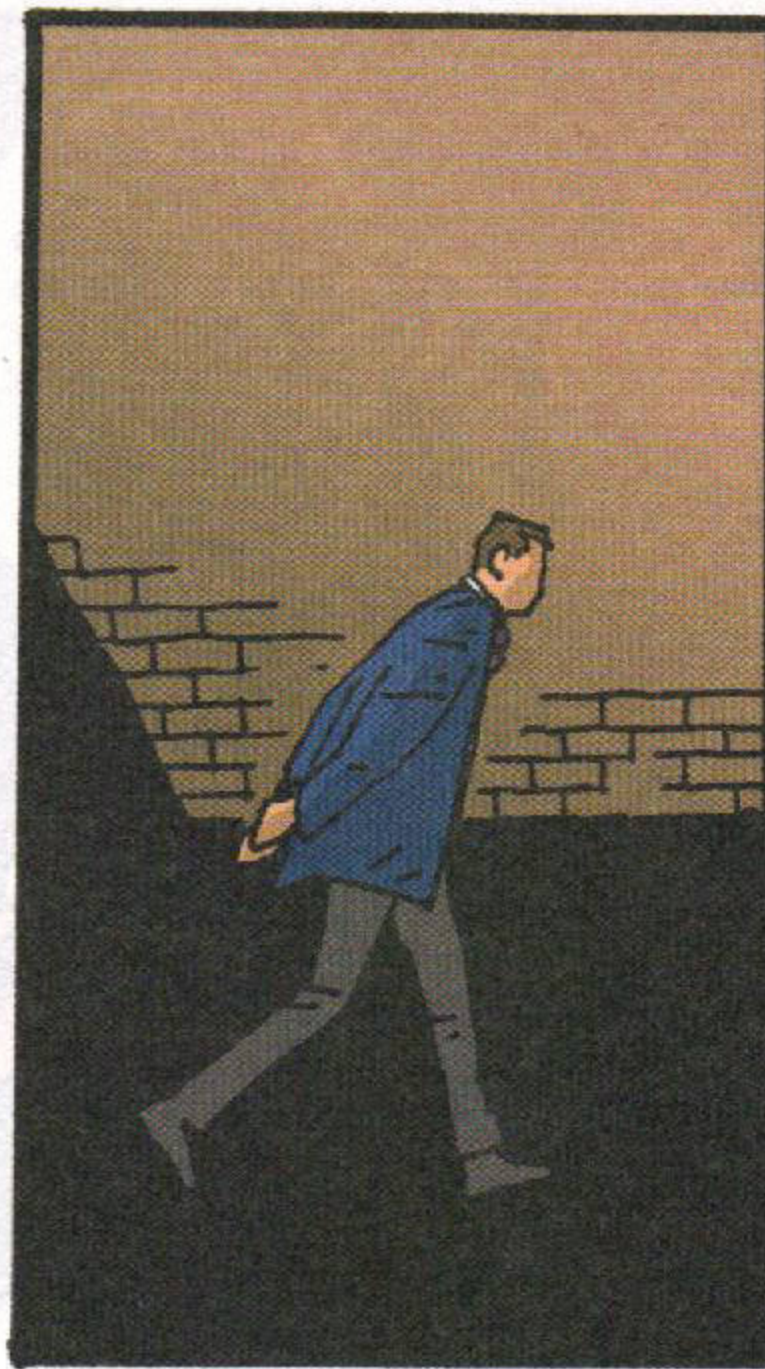
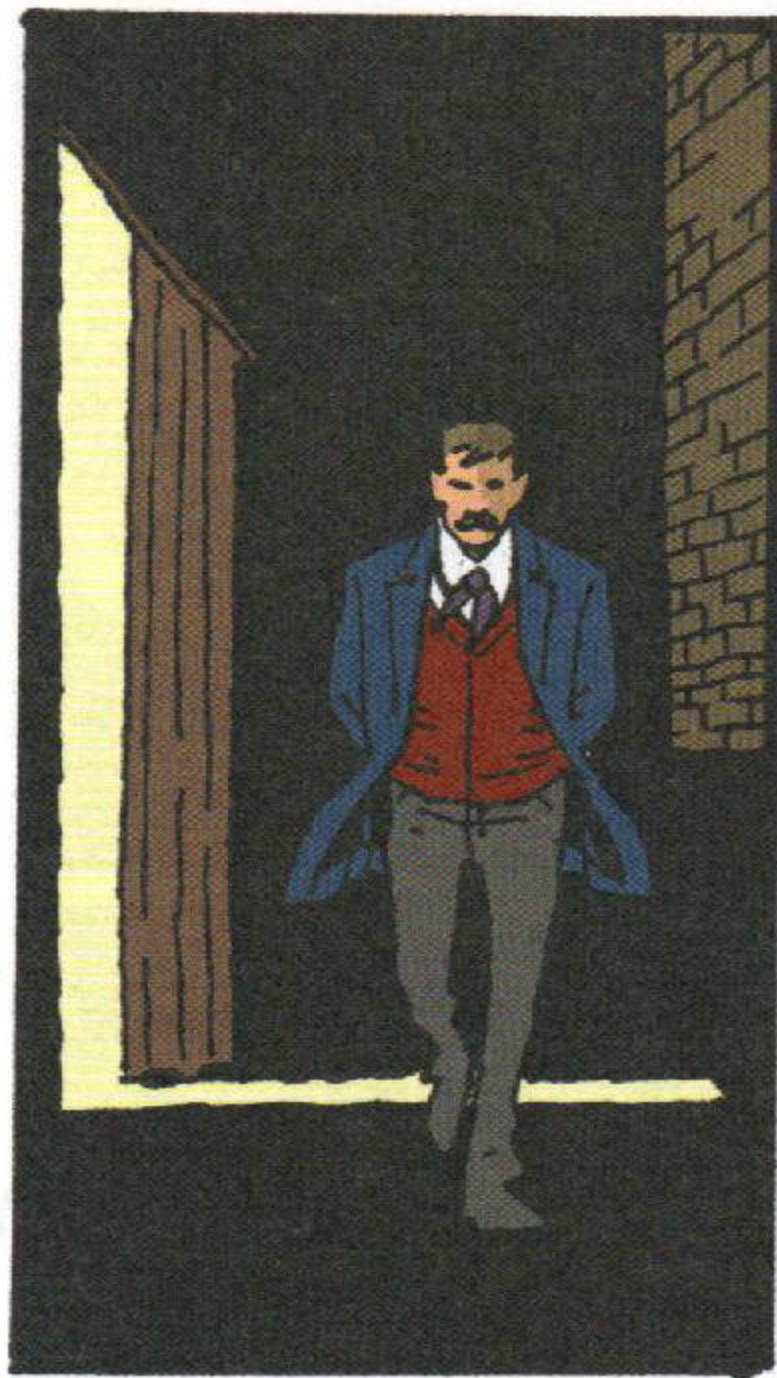












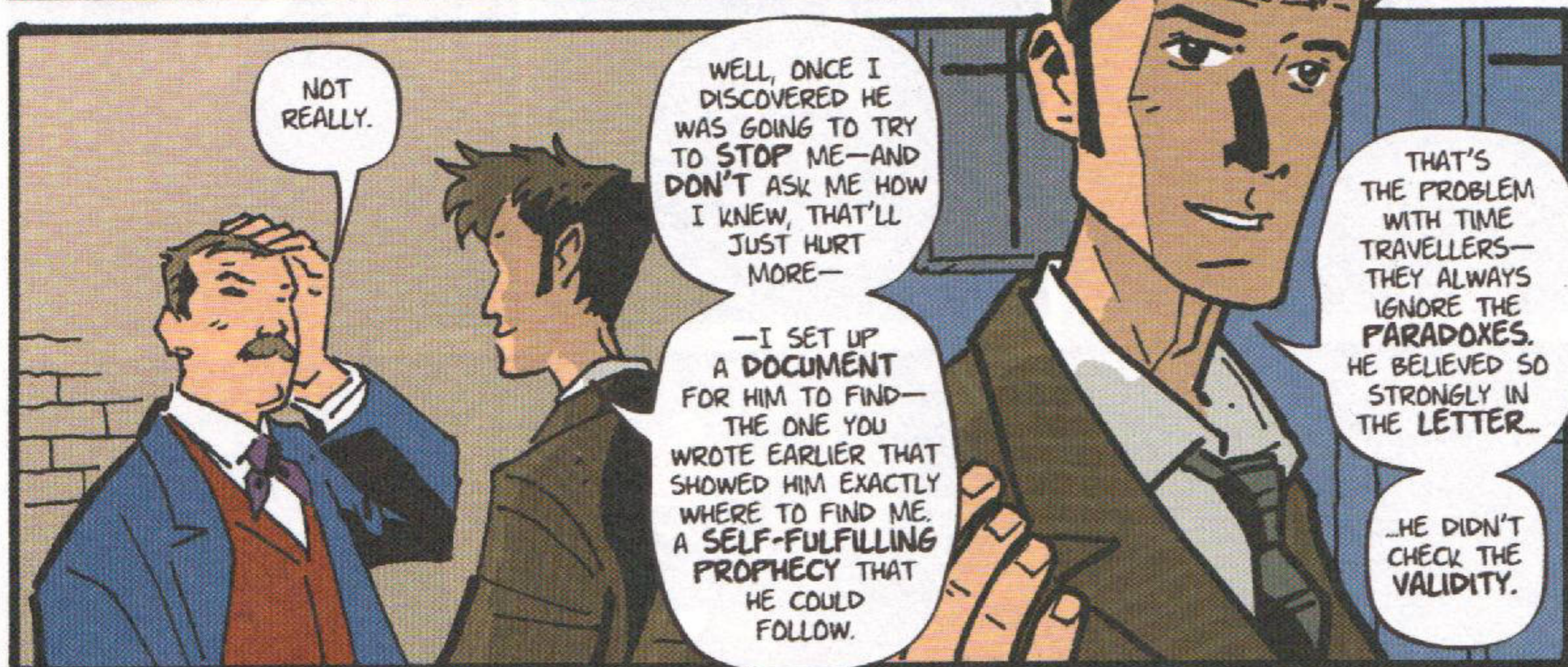




IN THE 51ST CENTURY, AN EVIL MAN NAMED **GREEL** ESCAPES THE AUTHORITIES AND COMES BACK TO THIS TIME, WHERE HE'S STOPPED, WELL, BY ME.

ONE OF HIS FOLLOWERS RETURNS TO KILL ME BEFORE I STOP GREEL, AND IN DOING SO ATTEMPTS TO CHANGE TIME.

SO I HAVE TO COME BACK MYSELF TO STOP HIM FROM STOPPING ME, WELL, FROM STOPPING HIM. STILL WITH ME?



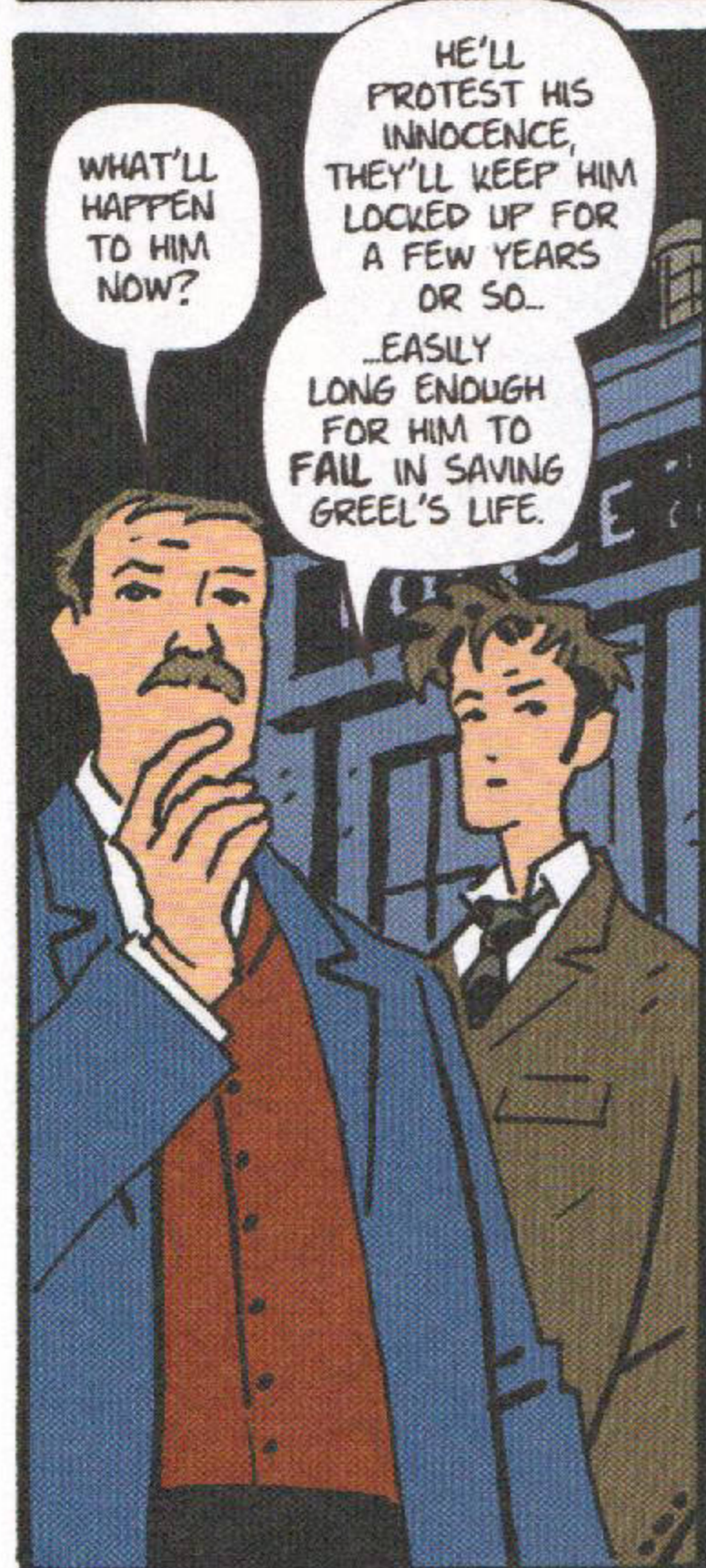
NOT REALLY.

WELL, ONCE I DISCOVERED HE WAS GOING TO TRY TO STOP ME—AND DON'T ASK ME HOW I KNEW, THAT'LL JUST HURT MORE—

—I SET UP A DOCUMENT FOR HIM TO FIND—THE ONE YOU WROTE EARLIER THAT SHOWED HIM EXACTLY WHERE TO FIND ME. A SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY THAT HE COULD FOLLOW.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH TIME TRAVELLERS—THEY ALWAYS IGNORE THE PARADOXES. HE BELIEVED SO STRONGLY IN THE LETTER...

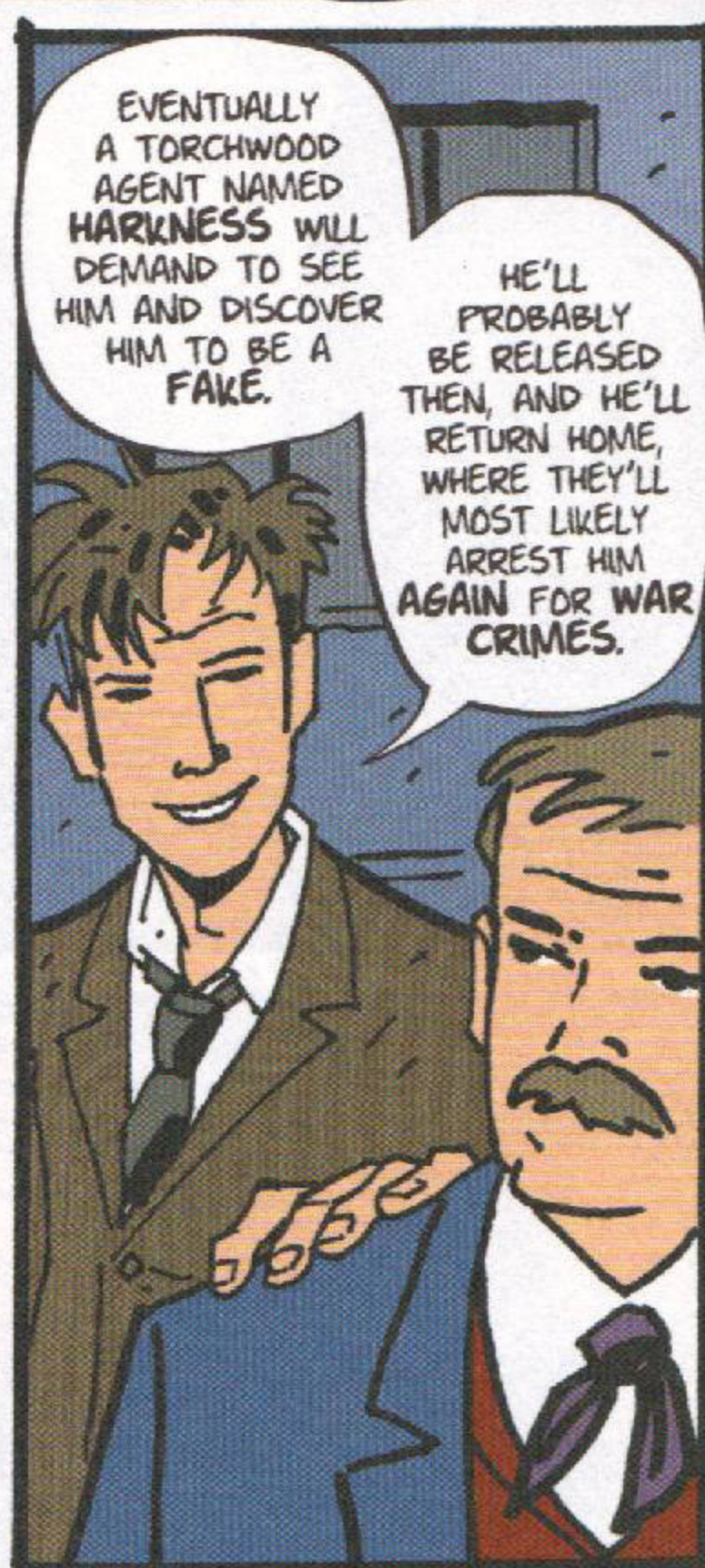
...HE DIDN'T CHECK THE VALIDITY.



WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO HIM NOW?

HE'LL PROTEST HIS INNOCENCE, THEY'LL KEEP HIM LOCKED UP FOR A FEW YEARS OR SO...

...EASILY LONG ENOUGH FOR HIM TO FAIL IN SAVING GREEL'S LIFE.



EVENTUALLY A TORCHWOOD AGENT NAMED **HARKNESS** WILL DEMAND TO SEE HIM AND DISCOVER HIM TO BE A FAKE.

HE'LL PROBABLY BE RELEASED THEN, AND HE'LL RETURN HOME, WHERE THEY'LL MOST LIKELY ARREST HIM AGAIN FOR WAR CRIMES.



WHOOPS! NEED TO GO NOW, BEFORE—

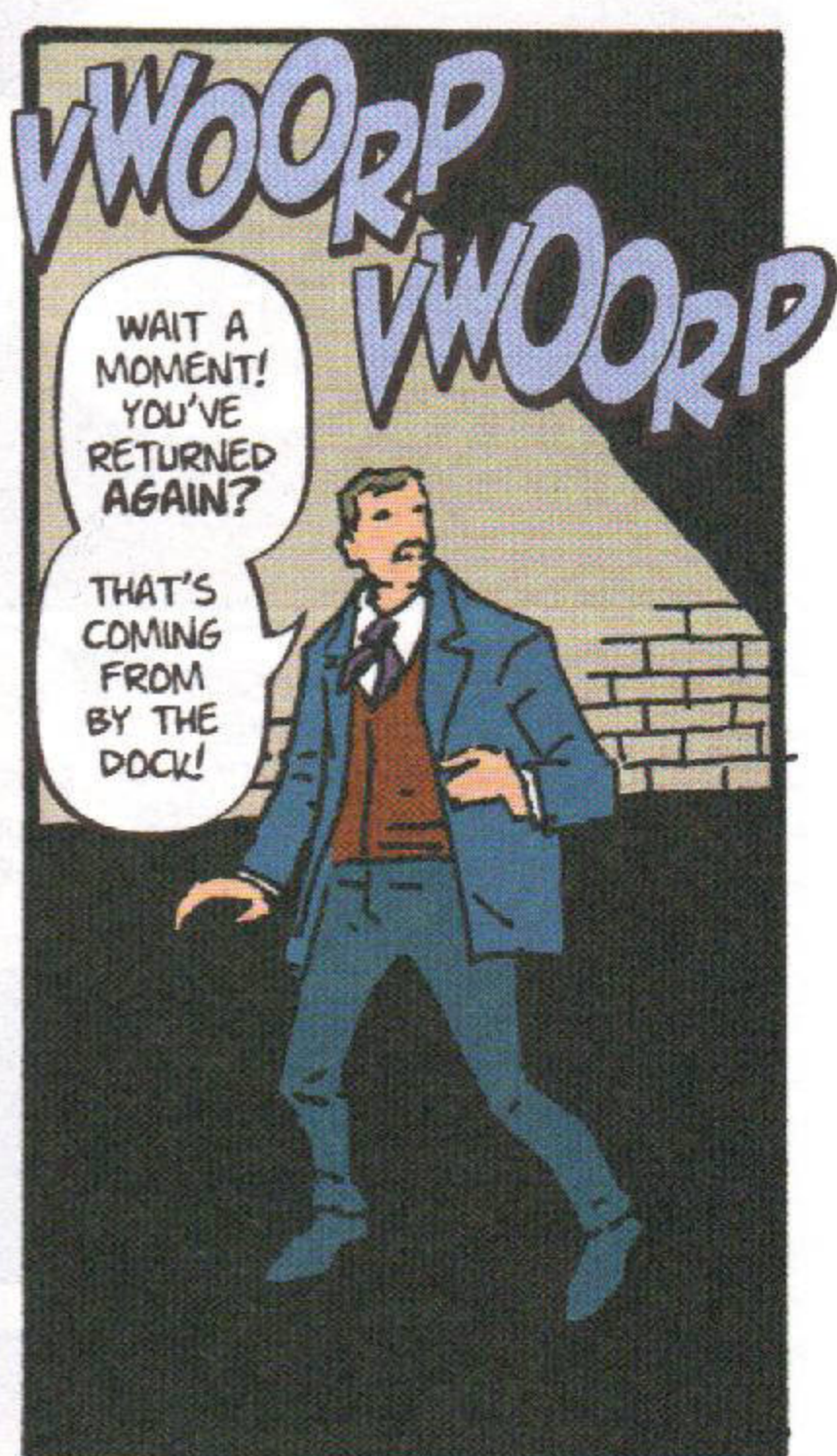
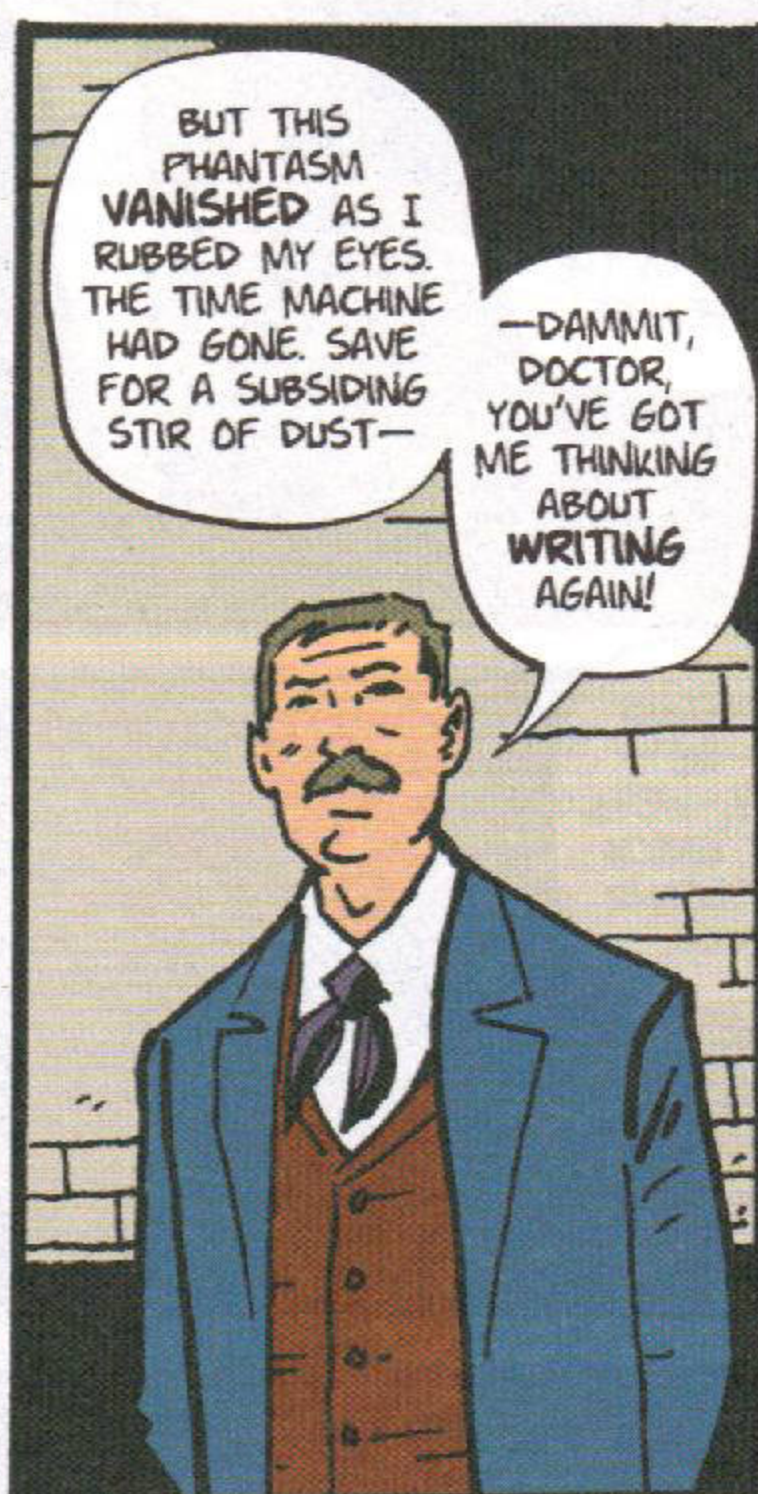
—WELL, BEFORE THINGS GET COMPLICATED.

SEE YOU IN ANOTHER FEW YEARS—YOU KNOW, AFTER THE BOOKS MAKE YOU FAMOUS!

BOOKS? WHAT BOOKS?

DOCTOR! WHAT BOOKS?!









I'M TRYING TO TEACH YOU, LEELA, SURELY YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOUR ANCESTORS ENJOYED THEMSELVES.

SPLENDID. THAT'S WHY I'M TAKING YOU TO THE THEATRE!



LI H'SEN CHIANG. HMM. PITY. I'D RATHER HOPED WE'D CATCH LITTLE TITCH.

NEVERMIND. IF WE HURRY, WE'LL JUST CATCH THE SECOND HOUSE.



DOCTOR, WHEREVER—WHOEVER YOU ARE—

—I'LL DO IT. I'LL WRITE THAT STORY IN YOUR HONOUR!



AND I SHALL CALL IT...

**...THE TIME MACHINE!**



**END**